

Feb 9. 1805

WINTER.

A

P O E M.

K.

By JAMES THOMSON.

————— *Horrida cano*
BRUMÆ Gelu. —————

The THIRD EDITION.



L O N D O N:

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir *SPENCER COMPTON*.

S I R,



HE Author of the
following P O E M
begs Leave to in-
scribe this his first
Performance to your Name,
and Patronage: Unknown him-
self, and only introduced by
the *Muse*, He yet ventures
to approach You, with a mo-
dest

6 DEDICATION.

deft Chearfulness: For, whoever attempts to excel in any Generous Art, tho' he comes alone, and unregarded by the World, may hope for your Notice, and Esteem. Happy! if I can, in any Degree, merit this Good Fortune: As every Ornament, and Grace, of Polite Learning is Yours, Your single Approbation will be my Fame.

I DARE not indulge my Heart, by dwelling on your *Public* Character; on that exalted Honour, and Integrity, which distinguish You, in that *August Assembly*, where You preside; that unshaken Loyalty
to

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to Your *Sovereign*, that disinterested Concern for his *People*, which shine out, united, in all your Behaviour, and finish the *Patriot*. I am conscious of my Want of Strength, and Skill for so delicate an Undertaking: And yet, as the Shepherd, in his Cottage, may feel and acknowledge the Influence of the Sun with as lively a Gratitude, as the Great Man, in his Palace, *even I* may be allowed to publish *my Sense* of those Blessings, which, from so many powerful Vertues, are derived to the Nation they adorn.

8 DEDICATION.

I conclude with saying, that your fine Discernment and Humanity, in your *Private* Capacity, are so conspicuous, that, if this Address is not received with some Indulgence, it will be a severe Conviction, that what I have written has not the least Share of Merit.

I am,

With the profoundest Respect,

S I R,

Your most devoted,

and most faithful,

Humble Servant ;

James Thomson.



THE
P R E F A C E.

IAM neither ignorant, nor concern'd, how much One may suffer in the Opinion of several Persons of great Gravity, and Character, by the Study, and Pursuit, of P O E T R Y.

Altho' there may seem to be some Appearance of Reason for the present Contempt of it, as managed by the most part of our modern Writers,
yet

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yet that any Man should, seriously, declare against that DIVINE ART is, really, amazing. It is declaring against the most charming Power of Imagination, the most exalting Force of Thought, the most affecting Touch of Sentiment; in a Word, against the very Soul of all Learning, and Politeness. It is affronting the universal Taste of Mankind, and declaring against what has charmed the listening World from *Moses* down to *Milton*. In fine, it is, even, declaring against the sublimest Passages of the inspired Writings themselves, and what seems to be the peculiar Language of Heaven.

The Truth of the Case is this: These weak-sighted Gentlemen cannot bear the strong Light of POETRY, and the finer, and more amusing, Scene of Things it displays; but must Those, therefore, whom Heaven has blessed
with

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with the discerning Eye shut it, to keep them Company.

It is pleasant enough, however, to observe, frequently, in these Enemies of POETRY, an aukward Imitation of it. They sometimes, have their little Brightnesses, when the opening Glooms will permit. Nay, I have seen their Heaviness, on some Occasions, deign to turn friskish, and witty, in which they make just such another Figure as *Æsop's Ass*, when he began to fawn. To compleat the Absurdity, They would, even, in their Efforts against POETRY, fain be poetical; like those Gentlemen that reason with a great deal of Zeal, and Severity, against Reason.

That there are frequent, and notorious, Abuses of POETRY is as true as that the best Things are most liable to that Misfortune; but is there no End of that clamorous Argument against the Use of Things from the Abuse of them?
And

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And yet, I hope, that no Man, who has the least Sense of Shame in Him, will fall into it after the present, sulphureous, Attacker of the Stage.

To insist no further on this Head, let P O E T R Y, once more, be restored to her antient Truth, and Purity ; let Her be inspired from Heaven, and, in Return, her Incense ascend thither ; Let Her exchange Her low, venal, trifling, Subjects for such as are fair, useful, and magnificent ; and, let Her execute these so as, at once, to please, instruct, surprize, and astonish : and then, of Necessity, the most inveterate Ignorance, and Prejudice, shall be struck Dumb ; and P O E T S, yet, become the Delight and Wonder, of Mankind.

But this happy Period is not to be expected, till some long-wished, illustrious Man, of equal Power, and Beneficence, rise on the wintry World of Letters

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ters: One of a genuine, and unbounded, Greatness, and Generosity, of Mind; who, far, above all the Pomp, and Pride, of Fortune, scorns the little addressful, Flatterer; peirces thro' the disguised, designing, Villain; discountenances all the reigning Fopperies of a tasteless Age: and who, stretching his Views into late Futurity, has the true Interest of Virtue, Learning, and Mankind, intirely, at Heart — A Character so nobly desirable! that to an honest Heart, it is, almost, incredible so few should have the Ambition to deserve it.

Nothing can have a better Influence towards the Revival of POETRY than the chusing of great, and serious, Subjects; such as, at once, amuse the Fancy, enlighten the Head, and warm the Heart. These give a Weight, and Dignity, to the Poem: Nor is the Pleasure, I should say Rapture, both the Writer, and the Reader, feels, unwarranted by Reason, or followed by

B

repentant

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repentant Disgust. To be able to write on a dry, barren, Theme, is looked upon, by some, as the Sign of a happy, fruitful, Genius——fruitful indeed ; — like one of the pendant Gardens in *Cheapside*, water'd, every Morning, by the Hand of the *Alderman*, Himself. And what are we commonly entertain'd with, on these Occasions, save forced, unaffecting, Fancies; little, glittering Prettinesses; mixed Turns of Wit, and Expression ; which are as widely different from Native POETRY, as Buffoonery is from the Perfection of human Thinking? A Genius fired with the Charms of Truth, and Nature, is tuned to a sublimer Pitch, and scorns to associate with such Subjects.

I cannot more emphatically recommend this *Poetical Ambition* than by the four following Lines from Mr. *Hill's Poem*, called, *The Judgment Day*, which is so singular an Instance of it.

For

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*For Me, suffice it to have taught my Muse,
The tuneful Triflings of her Tribe to shun;
And rais'd her Warmth such Heavenly Themes
to chuse,*

As, in past Ages, the best Garlands won.

I know no Subject more elevating, more amusing; more ready to awake the poetical Enthusiasm, the philosophical Reflection, and the moral Sentiment, than the *Works of Nature*. Where can we meet with such Variety, such Beauty, such Magnificence? All that enlarges, and transports, the Soul? What more inspiring than a calm, wide, Survey of Them? In every Dress *Nature* is greatly charming! whether she puts on the Crimson Robes of the *Morning*! the strong Effulgence of *Noon*! the sober Suit of the *Evening*! or the deep Sables of *Blackness*, and *Tempest*! How gay looks the *Spring*! how glorious the *Summer*! how pleasing the *Autumn*! and how venerable the *Winter*! — But there is no thinking of these Things without breaking out into POE-

TRY; which is, by the bye, a plain, and undeniable, Argument of their superior Excellence.

For this Reason the best, both Antient, and Modern, POETS have been passionately fond of Retirement, and Solitude. The wild romantic Country was their Delight. And they seem never to have been more happy, than when lost in unfrequented Fields, far from the little, busy, World, they were at Leisure, to meditate, and sing the *Works of Nature*.

The Book of *Job*, that noble, and antient, *Poem*, which, even, strikes so forcibly thro' a mangling Translation, is crowned with a Description of the grand *Works of Nature*; and that, too, from the Mouth of their ALMIGHTY AUTHOR.

It was this Devotion to the *Works of Nature* that, in his *Georgicks*, inspired the *rural Virgil* to write so inimitably; and who can forbear joining
with

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with him in this Declaration of his,
which has been the Rapture of Ages.

*Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum Sacra fero ingenti percussus Amore,
Accipiant; Cælique Vias et Sidera monstrent,
Defectus solis varios, Lunæque labores:
Unde tremor Terris: qua vi Maria alta tume-
scant*

*Obicibus ruptis, rursusque in seipsa residant:
Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere soles
Hyberni: vel quæ tardis Mora Noctibus obstat.
Sin, has ne possim Naturæ accedere Partes,
Frigidus obstiterit circum Præcordia sanguis;
Rura mihi et rigui placeant in valibus amnis
Flumina amem silvasque inglorius.——*

Which may be Englished thus.

*Me may the Muses, my supreme Delight!
Whose Priest I am, smit with immense Desire,
Snatch to their Care; the Starry Tracts dis-
close,
The Sun's Distress, the Labours of the Moon:
Whence the Earth quakes: and by what Force
the Deeps
Heave at the Rocks, then on Themselves reflow:
Why Winter-Suns to plunge in Ocean speed:
And what retards the lazy Summer-Night.
But, least I should these mystic-Truths attain,
If*

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*If the cold Current freezes round my Heart,
The Country Me, the brooky Vales may please
Mid Woods, and Streams, unknown.—*

I cannot put an End to this *Preface*, without taking the Freedom to offer my most sincere, and grateful, Acknowledgments to all those *Gentlemen* who have given my first Performance so favourable a Reception.

It is with the best Pleasure, and a rising Ambition, that I reflect on the Honour *Mr. Hill* has done me, in recommending my Poem to the World, after a manner so peculiar to Himself; than whom, none approves, and obliges, with a nobler, and more unreserving, Promptitude of Soul. His Favours are the very smiles of Humanity; graceful, and easy; flowing from, and to, the Heart. This agreeable Train of Thought awakens naturally in my Mind all the other Parts of his great, and amiable, Character, which I know not well how to quit, and yet dare not here pursue.

Every

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Every Reader, who has a Heart to be moved, must feel the most gentle Power of P O E T R Y, in the Lines, with which *Mira* has graced my Poem.

It perhaps, might be reckoned Vanity, in me, to say how richly I value the Approbation of a *Gentleman* of Mr. *Malloch's* fine, and exact Taste, so justly dear, and valuable, to all those that have the Happiness of knowing Him; and who, to say no more of Him, will abundantly make good, to the World, the early Promise, his admired Piece of *William and Margaret* has given.

I only wish my Description of the various Appearance of *Nature* in *Winter*, and, as I purpose, in the other *Seasons*, may have the good Fortune, to give the Reader some of that true Pleasure, which They, in their agreeable Succession, are, always, sure to inspire into my Heart.

To

To Mr. THOMSON,
Doubtful to what Patron he should address
his Poem, call'd, WINTER.

SOME Peers, perhaps, have Skill to judge, 'tis true
Yet no mean Prospect bounds the *Muse's* View
Firm in your native Strength, thus nobly shewn,
Slight such delusive Props, and stand alone.
• Fruitless Dependance oft has found too late,
That Greatness rarely dwells among the Great.
Patrons are *Nature's* Nobles, not the *State's*,
And *Wit's*, a Title no Broad Seal creates :
Even *Kings*, from whose high Source all Honours flow,
Are poor in Power, when they wou'd *Souls* bestow.

Heedless of Fortune, then look down on State,
Balanc'd, within, by Reason's conscious Weight :
Divinely proud of independant Will,
Prince of your Passions, live their Sovereign still.
He who stoops, safe beneath a Patron's Shade,
Shines like the Moon, but by another's Aid :
Free Truth shou'd, open, and unbyas'd steer,
Strong, as Heaven's Heart, and as its Brightness clear

O, swell not then, the Bosoms of the *Vain*,
With false Conceit that you Protection gain :
Poets, like you, their own Protectors stand,
Plac'd above Aid from Pride's inferior Hand.

Time

Time, that devours the *Lord's* unlasting Name,
Shall lend Her soundless Depth, to float your Fame.

On Verse like yours no Smiles, from Power, expect,
Born with a Worth that doom'd you to Neglect:—
Yet, wou'd your Wit, be nois'd, reflect no more;
Let the smooth Veil of Flattery silk you o'er:
Aptly attach'd, the Court's soft Climate try,
Learn your Pen's Duty from your Patron's Eye.
Ductile of Soul, each' pliant Purpose wind,
And tracing Interest close, leave Doubt behind;
Then shall your Name strike loud, the Publick Ear;
For through Good-fortune, Virtue's self shines clear.

But, in defiance of our Taste, to charm!
And Fancy's Force with Judgment's Caution arm!
Disturb, with busy Thought, so lull'd an Age!
And plant strong Meanings o'er the peaceful Page!
Impregnate Sound, with Sense! teach Nature Art!
And warm even WINTER, till it thaws the Heart!
How cou'd you thus, your Country's Rules transgress,
Yet think of *Patrons*, and presume Success?

A. HILL.

To Mr. THOMSON,

On his Blooming WINTER.

O H gaudy *Summer*, veil thy blushing Head,
Dull is thy Sun, and all thy Beauties dead:
From thy short Nights, and noisy, mirthful, Day,
My kindling Thoughts, disdainful, turn away.

Majestic *Winter* with his Floods appears,
And o'er the World his awful Terrors rears;
From *North* to *South*, his Train dispreading, flow,
Blue *Frost*, bleak *Rain*, and fleecy-footed *Snow*.

In Thee, sad *Winter*, I a Kindred find,
Far more related to poor human Kind;
To Thee my gently-drooping Head I bend,
Thy *Sigh* my *Sister*, and thy *Tear* my *Friend*:
On Thee I *muse*, and in thy hastening Sun,
See Life expiring e'er 'tis well begun.

Thy sickening Ray, and venerable Gloom,
Show Life's last Scene, the solitary Tomb;
But thou art safe, so shaded by the Bays,
Immortal in the noblest *Poet's* Praise;
From Time and Death, He will thy Beauties save;
Oh may such Numbers weep o'er *Mira's* Grave!
Secure, and glorious, would her Ashes lie,
Till *Nature* fade — and all the *Seasons* die.

MIRA.

To Mr. THOMSON,

On his publishing the Second Edition of his
Poem, call'd, WINTER.

C Harm'd, and instructed, by thy powerful Song,
I have, unjust, with-held my Thanks too long:
This Debt of Gratitude, at length, receive,
Warmly sincere, 'tis all thy *Friend* can give.

Thy Worth new lights the Poet's darken'd Name,
And shews it, blazing, in the brightest Fame.
Thro' all thy various *Winter*, full are found
Magnificence of Thought, and Pomp of Sound,
Clear Depth of Sense, Expression's hightening Grace,
And *Goodness*, eminent in Power, and Place!
For this, the *Wise*, the Knowing *Few*, commend
With zealous Joy — for Thou art *Vertue's* Friend:
Even *Age*, and *Truth* severe, in reading Thee,
That Heaven inspires the *Muse*, convinc'd, agree.

Thus I dare sing of Merit, faintly known,
Friendless — supported by its self alone:
For *Those*, whose *aided Will* could lift thee high,
In Fortune, *see* not with *Discernment's Eye*.
Nor Place, nor Power, bestows the *Sight* refin'd;
And Wealth enlarges not the narrow Mind.

How couldst thou think of *such*, and write so well?
Or hope Reward, by daring to excell?

Un-

Unskilful of the Age ! untaught to gain,
Those Favours, which the fawning *Base* obtain!
A thousand, shameful, Arts, to thee unknown,
Falshood, and *Flattery*, must be first thy own.
If thy lov'd *Country* lingers in thy Breast,
Thou must drive out th' unprofitable *Guest* :
Extinguish each bright Aim, that kindles there,
And center in thy self thy every Care.

(kind,

But hence that Vileness — pleas'd to charm Man-
Cast each low Thought of Interest far behind :
Neglected into noble Scorn — away
From that worn Path, where vulgar Poets stray :
Inglorious Herd ; profuse of venal Lays ;
And by the *Pride* despis'd, they stoop to praise ;
Thou, careless of the Statesman's Smile, or Frown,
Tread that strait Way, that leads to fair Renown.
By *Vertue* guided, and by *Glory* fir'd,
And, by reluctant *Envy*, slow admir'd,
Dare to do well ; and in thy boundless Mind,
Embrace the general Welfare of thy *Kind* :
Enrich them with the Treasures of thy Thought,
What Heaven approves, and what the *Muse* has
Where thy *Power* fails, unable to go on, (taught.
Ambitious, greatly *will* the Good undone.
So shall thy Name, thro' Ages, brightening shine,
And distant Praise, from *Worth* unborn, be thine :
So shalt thou, happy ! merit Heaven's Regard,
And find a glorious, tho' a late Reward.

D. MALLOCH.



WINTER.

A

P O E M.



SEE! WINTER comes, to rule
the varied Year,
Sullen, and sad; with all his rising
Train,

Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms: Be these my
Theme,

D

These,

These, that exalt the Soul to solemn Thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome kindred Glooms!
Wish'd, wint'ry, Horrors, hail!-- With frequent Foot,
Pleas'd, have I, in my chearful Morn of Life,
When, nurs'd by careless *Solitude*, I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing Joy,
Pleas'd, have I wander'd thro' your rough Domains;
Trod the pure virgin Snows, my self, as pure:
Heard the Winds roar, and the big Torrent burst:
Or seen the deep, fermenting Tempest brew'd,
In the red, evening, Sky.—Thus pass'd the Time,
Till, thro' the opening Chambers of the South,
Look'd out the joyous *Spring*, look'd out, and smil'd.

Thce too, Inspiter of the toiling Swain!

Fair AUTUMN, yellow-rob'd! I'll sing of thee,

Of thy last, equal, Days, and clouded Calms ;
When all the golden *Hours* are on the Wing,
Attending thy Retreat, and round thy Wain,
Slow-rolling, onward to the Southern Sky.

Mark, how the well pois'd *Hornet* hovering,
hangs,

With quivering Pinions, in the genial Blaze ;
Flies off, in airy Circles : then returns,
And hums, and dances to the beating Ray ;
Nor shall the Man, that, musing, walks alone,
And, heedless, strays within his radiant Lists,
Go unchastis'd away — Sometimes a Fleece
Of Clouds, wide-scattering, with a lucid Veil,
Bright, shadow o'er th' unruffled Face of Heaven ;
And thro' their dewy Sluices, shed the Sun,

With temper'd Influence down. Then is the Time
For those, whom *Wisdom*, and whom *Nature* charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate Croud,
And soar above this *little* Scene of Things ;
To tread low-thoughted *Vice* beneath their Feet :
To sooth the throbbing Passions into Peace,
And woo lone *Quiet*, in her silent *Walks*.

Now, solitary, and in pensive Guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet Mead,
Or thro' the pining Grove ; where scarce is heard
One dying Strain, to chear the *Woodman's* Toil :
Haply, some widdow'd Songster pours his Plaint,
Far, thro' the withering Copse. Mean while the
Leaves,
That, late, the Forest clad with lively Green,

Nipt by the drizzly Night, and Sallow-hu'd,
Fall wavering thro' the Air ; or shower amain,
Urg'd by the Breeze, that fobs amid the Boughs.
Then listening *Hares* forsake the rustling Woods,
And, starting at the frequent Noise, escape
To the rough Stubble, and the rushy Fen.
Then *Woodcocks*, o'er the fluctuating Main,
That glimmers to the Glimpses of the Moon,
Stretch their long Voyage to the woodland Glade :
Where, wheeling with uncertain Flight, they mock
The nimble *Fowler's* Aim.— Now *Nature* droops ;
Languish the living Herbs, with pale Decay :
And all the *various Family* of Flowers
Their sunny Robes resign. The falling Fruits,
Thro' the still Night, forsake the Parent-Bough,
That, in the first, grey, Glances of the Dawn,

Looks

Looks wild, and wonders at the wintry Waste.

The *Tear*, yet pleasing, but declining fast,
Soft, o'er the secret Soul in gentle Gales,
A Philosophic Melancholly breathes,
And bears the swelling Thought aloft to Heaven.
Then forming *Fancy* rouses to conceive,
What never mingled with the *Vulgar's* Dream:
Then wake the tender *Pang*, the pitying *Tear*,
The *Sigh* for suffering Worth, the *Wish* prefer'd
For Humankind, the *Joy* to see them blest'd,
And all the *Social Off-spring* of the Heart!

Oh! bear me then to high, embowering Shades;
To twilight Groves, and visionary Vales;
To weeping Grottos, and prophetick Gloom;

Where

Where Angel-Forms are seen, and Voices heard,
Sigh'd in low Whispers, that abstract the Soul,
From outward Sense, far into Worlds remote.

Now, when the Western Sun withdraws the Day,
And humid *Evening*, gliding o'er the Sky,
In her chill Progress, checks the straggling Beams,
And their moist *Captives* frees; where Waters ooze,
Where Marshes stagnate, and where Rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling *Fogs*, and swim along
The dusky mantled Lawn: then slow descend,
Once more to mingle with their *Watry Friends*.

The vivid Stars shine out, in brightening Files;
And boundless *Ether* glows, till the fair Moon
Shows her broad Visage, in the crimson'd East;

Now,

Now, stooping, seems to kiss the passing Cloud:

Now, o'er the pure *Cerulean*, rides sublime.

Wide, the pale Deluge floats, with silver Waves,

O'er the sky'd Mountain, to the low-laid Vale ;

From the white Rocks, with dim Reflection, gleams,

And faintly glitters thro' the waving Shades.

All Night, abundant Dews, unnoted, fall,

That, lighted by the *Morning's* Ray, impearl

The Face of Mother-Earth ; from every Branch

Depending, tremble the translucent Gems,

And, twinkling, seem to fall away, yet cling,

And sparkle in the Sun, whose rising Eye,

With Fogs bedim'd, portends a beauteous Day.

Now, roving Youth, whom headlong Passions fire,

Rous'd

Rouse the wild Game, and stain the guiltless Grove,
With Violence, and Death; yet call it Sport,
To scatter Ruin thro' the Realms of *Love*,
And *Peace* that thinks no Ill: But these, the *Muse*,
Whose Charity, unlimited, extends
As wide as *Nature* works, disdains to sing,
Returning to her nobler Theme in view,

WINTER! who rides along the darken'd Air,
Striding the gloomy Blast. First Rains obscure
Drive thro' the mingling Skies, with Tempest foul;
Beat on the Mountain's Brow, and shake the Woods,
That founding, wave below. Th' unsightly Plain
Lies overwhelm'd, and lost. The bellying Clouds
Combine, and deepening into Night, shut up
The Day's fair Face. The Wanderers of Heaven,

Each to his Home, retire ; save those that love
To take their Pastime in the troubled Air,
Or, skimming, flutter round the dimply Flood.
The Cattle, from the untasted Fields, return,
And ask, with meaning Low, their wonted Stalls ;
Or ruminatè in the contiguous Shade :
Thither, the household, feathery, People croud,
The crested Cock, with all his Female Train,
Pensive, and wet. Mean while, the Cottage-Swaia
Hangs o'er the enlivening Blaze, and, taleful, there,
Recounts his simple Frolick : Much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the Storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble Roof.

At last, the muddy Deluge pours along,
Resistless, roaring ; dreadful down it comes

From

From the chapt Mountain, and the mossy Wild,
Tumbling thro' Rocks abrupt, and sounding far :
Then o'er the fanded Valley, floating, spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again constrain'd,
Betwixt two meeting Hills, it bursts away,
Where Rocks, and Woods, o'erhang the turbid Stream.
There gathering triple Force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'.

Nature ! great Parent ! whose directing Hand
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful Year,
How mighty ! how majestick are thy Works !
With what a pleasing Dread they swell the Soul,
That sees, astonish'd ! and, astonish'd sings !
You too, ye *Winds* ! that now begin to blow,
With balisterous Sweep, I raise my Voice to you.

Where are your Stores, ye viewless *Beings* ! say ?
Where your aerial Magazines reserv'd,
Against the Day of Tempest perilous ?
In what untravel'd Country of the Air,
Hush'd in still Silence, sleep you, when 'tis calm ?

Late, in the loursing Sky, red, fiery, Streaks
Begin to flush about ; the reeling Clouds
Stagger with dizzy Aim, as doubting yet
Which Master to obey: while rising, flow,
Blank, in the Leaden-colour'd East, the Moon
Wears a wan Circle round her sully'd Orb.
Then issues forth the Storm, with mad Controul,
And the thin Fabrick of the pillar'd Air
O'erturns, at once. Prone, on the passive Main,
Descends th' Etherial Force, and plows its Waves,

In frightful Furrows : From the brawling deep,
Heav'd to the Clouds, the watry *Tumult* comes.
Rumbling, the Wind-swoln Billows, rowl, immense,
And, on th' evanish'd Vessel, bursting fierce,
Their Terrors thunder, thro' the prostrate Soul
Of feeble Man, amidst their Fury caught,
And, dash'd upon his Fate : Then, o'er the Cliff,
Where dwells the *Sea-Mew*, unconfin'd, they fly,
And, hurrying, swallow up the steril Shore.

The Mountain growls ; and all its sturdy *Sons*
Stoop to the Bottom of the Rocks they shade :
Lone, on its Midnight-Side, and all aghast,
The dark, way-faring, *Stranger*, breathless, toils,
And climbs against the Blast —
Low, waves the rooted Forest, vex'd, and sheds

What

What of its leafy Honours yet remains,
Thus, struggling thro' the dissipated Grove,
The whirling Tempest raves along the Plain;
'And, on the Cottage thacht, or lordly Dome,
Keen-fastening, shakes 'em to the solid Base.
Sleep, frightened, flies; the hollow Chimney howls,
The Windows rattle, and the Hinges creak.

Then, too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd Air,
Long Groans are heard, shrill Sounds, and distant
Sighs,

That, murmur'd by the *Demon* of the Night,
Warn the devoted *Wretch* of Woe, and Death!
Huge *Uproar* lords it wide: the Clouds commixt,
With Stars, swift-gliding, sweep along the Sky.
All Nature reels — Till Nature's KING, who oft,

Amid

Amid tempestuous Darkneſs dwells, alone,
And, on the Wings of the careering Wind,
Walks dreadfully ſerene, commands a Calm;
And, ſtrait, Earth, Sea, and Air, are hush'd, at once.

As yet, 'tis Midnight's Reign; the weary Clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into ſolid Gloom:
Now, while the drouſy World lies loſt in Sleep,
Let me aſſociate with the low-brow'd *Night*,
And *Contemplation*, her ſedate Compeer;
Let me ſhake off th' intrusive Cares of Day,
And lay the meddling Senſes all aſide.

And now, ye lying *Vanities* of Life!

You ever-tempting, ever-cheating Train!

Where are you now? and what is your Amount?

Vexation,

Vexation, Disappointment, and Remorse.

Sad, sickening, Thought ! and yet, deluded Man

A Scene of crude, disjointed, Visions past,

And broken Slumbers, rises, still resolv'd,

With new-flush'd Hopes, to run your giddy Round

Father of Light, and Life ! Thou *Good Supreme*

O ! teach me what is Good ! teach me thy self !

Save me from Folly, Vanity and Vice,

From every low Pursuit ! and feed my Soul,

With Knowledge, conscious Peace, and Vertue pure

Sacred, substantial, never-fading Bliss !

Dun, from the livid East, or piercing North,

Thick Clouds ascend, in whose capacious Womb,

A vapoury Deluge lies, to Snow congeal'd :

Heavy

Heavy, they roll their fleecy World along ;
And the Sky saddens with th' impending Storm.
Thro' the hush'd Air, the whitening Shower descends,
At first, thin-wavering ; till, at last, the Flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the Day,
With a continual Flow. Blackening, they melt,
Along the mazy Stream. The leafless Woods
Bow their hoar' Heads. And e'er the languid Sun,
Faint, from the West, emit his evening Ray,
Earth's universal Face, deep-hid, and chill,
Is all one, dazzling, Waste. The *Labourer-Ox*
Stands cover'd o'er with Snow, and then demands
The Fruit of all his Toil. The Fowls of Heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel Season, croud around
The winnowing Store, and claim the little Boon
That *Providence* allows. The *Red-Breast*, sole,

Wisely regardful of th' embroiling Sky,
In joyless Fields, and thorny Thickets, leaves
His shivering Fellows, and to *trusted* Man
His annual Visit pays: New to the Dome,
Against the Window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm Hearth, and, hopping o'er the Floor,
Eyes all the smiling *Family*, askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till, more familiar grown, the Table-Crums
Attract his slender Feet. The foodless Wilds
Pour forth their brown *Inhabitants*; the *Hare*,
Tho' timorous of Heart, and hard beset
By Death, in various Forms, dark Snares and Dogs,
And more unpitying Men, the Garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless Want. The bleating Kind
Eye the bleak Heavens, and next, the glistening Earth,

With Looks of dumb Despair; then sad, dispers'd,
Dig, for the wither'd Herb, thro' Heaps of Snow.

Now *Shepherds*, to your helpless Charge be kind;
Baffle the raging Year, and fill their Pens
With Food, at will: Lodge them below the Storm,
And watch them strict; for, from the bellowing East,
In this dire Season, oft the Whirlwind's Wing
Sweeps up the Burthen of whole wintry Plains
In one fierce Blast, and o'er th' unhappy Flocks,
Hid in the Hollow of two neighbouring Hills,
The billowy Tempest whelms; till, upwards urg'd,
The Valley to a shining Mountain swells,
That curls its Wreaths amid the freezing Sky.

In *Russia's* wide, immeasurable, Moors,
Where W I N T E R keeps his unrejoicing Court,
And in his airy *Hall*, the loud Misrule
Of driving *Tempest* is for ever heard :
Seen, by the wilder'd Traveller, who roams,
Guideless, the Yew-clad, stony, Wastes, the *Bear*,
Rough *Tenant* of these Shades ! shaggy with Ice,
And dangling Snow, stalks thro' the Woods, forlorn,
Slow-pac'd, and sower, as the Storms increase,
He makes his Bed beneath th' inclement Wreath,
And scorning the Complainings of Distress,
Hardens his Heart against assailing *Want*.

Or from the cloudy *Alps*, and *Appenine*,
Capt with grey Mists, and everlasting Snows,
Where Nature in stupendous Ruin lyes ;

And

And from the leaning Rock, on either Side,
Gush out those Streams that *classic* Song renowns:
Cruel as Death! and hungry as the Grave!
Burning for Blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
Assembling Wolves, in torrent Troops, descend,
And spread wide-wasting *Desolation* round.
Nought may their Course withstand. They bear
along,
Keen, as the North-Wind sweeps the glossy Snow.
All is their Prize. They fasten on the *Steed*,
Press him to Earth, and pierce his mighty Heart.
Nor can the *Bull* his awful Front defend,
Or shake the murdering Savages away.
Rapacious, at the *Mother's* Throat they fly,
And tear th' screaming Infant from her Breast.
The *God-like* Face of *Man* avails him Nought.

Even

Even *Beauty, Force Divine!* at whose bright *Glance*,
The generous *Lyon* stands in soften'd Gaze,
Here bleeds a hapless, undistinguish'd, Prey.
But if, appriz'd of the severe Attack,
The *Country* be shut up; lur'd by the Scent,
On *Church-Yards* drear (Inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed *Prowlers* fall, and dig
The shrowded *Body* from the *Tomb*, o'er which,
Mix'd with foul *Shades*, and frighted *Ghosts*, they
howl.

Now, all amid the Rigours of the Year,
In the wild Depth of *Winter*, while Without
The ceaseless Winds blow keen, be my Retreat
A rural, shelter'd, solitary, Scene;
Where ruddy Fire, and beaming Tapers join

To chase the cheerless Gloom : There let me sit,
 And hold high Converse with the mighty Dead,
Sages of ancient Time, as Gods rever'd,
 As Gods beneficent, who blest Mankind
 With Arts, and Arms, and humaniz'd a World.
 Rous'd at th' inspiring Thought——I throw aside
 The long-liv'd Volume, and deep-musing, hail
 The sacred *Shades*, that slowly-rising, pass
 Before my wondering Eyes —— First, *Socrates*,
 Truth's early Champion, Martyr for his God :
Solon, the next, who built his Commonweal
 On Equity's firm Base : *Lycurgus*, then,
 Severely good ; And him of rugged *Rome*,
Numa, who soften'd *her* rapacious *Sons* :
Cimon, sweet-soul'd, and *Aristides* just ;
 With that attemper'd * Heroe, mild, and firm,

* *Timoleon*.

Who

Who wept the *Brother* while the *Tyrant* bled :
Unconquer'd *Cato*, virtuous in Extreme :
Scipio, the humane Warriour, gently brave,
Fair Learning's Friend ; who early sought the Shade,
To dwell, with *Innocence*, and *Truth*, retir'd :
And, equal to the best, the *Theban*, *He*
Who, *single*, rais'd his Country into Fame.
Thousands behind, the Boast of *Greece* and *Rome*,
Whom *Vertue* owns, the Tribute of a Verse
Demand : But who can count the Stars of Heaven ?
Who sing their Influence on this lower World ?
But see who yonder comes ! nor comes alone,
With *sober* State, and of *majestic* Mien,
The Sister *Muses* in his Train — 'Tis He !
Maro ! the Glory of the Poet's Art !
Great *Homer* too appears, of *daring* Wing !

Parent of Song! and, *equal*, by his Side,
The *British Muse*, join'd Hand in Hand, they walk,
Darkling, nor miss their Way to Fame's Ascent.

Society divine! Immortal Minds!

Still visit thus my Nights, for *you* reserv'd,
And mount my soaring Soul to Deeds like yours.
Silence! thou lonely *Power!* the Door be thine:
See, on the hallow'd Hour, that none intrude,
Save *Lycidas*, the Friend, with Sense refin'd,
Learning digested well, exalted Faith,
Unstudy'd Wit, and Humour ever gay.

Clear Frost succeeds, and thro' the Blue Serene,
For Sight too fine, th' Ætherial Nitre flies,

To bake the Glebe, and bind the slippery Flood.
This of the wintry Season is the *Prime*;
Pure are the Days, and lustrous are the Nights,
Radiant with starry Worlds, till then unseen.
Mean while, the Orient, darkly red, breathes forth
An Icy Gale, that in its mid Career,
Arrests the bickering Stream. The nightly Sky,
And all her glowing Constellations pour
Their rigid Influence down : It freezes on,
Till Morn, late-rising, o'er the drooping World,
Lifts her pale Eye, unjoyous : Then appears
The various Labour of the silent Night ;
The pendant Icicle, the Frost-Work fair,
Where fancy'd Figures rise ; the crufted Snow,
Tho' white, made whiter, by the fining North,
And Gem-besprinkled in the Mid-Day Beam.

On blithsome Frolicks bent, the youthful Swains,
While every Work of Man is laid at Rest,
Rush o'er the watry Plains, and, shuddering, view
The fearful Deeps below : Or, with the Gun,
And faithful Spaniel, range the ravag'd Fields ;
And, adding to the Ruins of the Year,
Distress the Feathery, or the Footed *Game*.

Muttering, the Winds, at Eve, with hoarser Voice,
Blow, blustering, from the South—the Frost subdu'd,
Gradual, resolves, into a trickling Thaw.
Spotted, the Mountains shine: Loose Sleet descends,
And floods the Country round : The Rivers swell,
Impatient for the Day. Broke from the Hills,
O'er Rocks and Woods, in broad, brown, Cataracts

A thousand, Snow-fed, Torrents shoot, at once;
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding Plain
Is left one slimy Waste. Those fullen Seas,
That wash th' ungenial Pole, will rest no more
Beneath the Shackles of the mighty North;
But, rousing all their Waves, resistless heave, —
And hark! — the lengthening Roar, continuous, runs
Athwart the rifted Main; at once, it bursts,
And piles a thousand Mountains to the Clouds!
Ill fares the Bark, the Wretches' last Resort,
That, lost amid the floating Fragments, moors
Beneath the Shelter of an Icy Isle;
While Night o'erwhelms the Sea, and *Horror* looks
More horrible. Can human Hearts endure
Th' assembled *Mischiefs* that besiege them round:
Unlistening *Hunger*, fainting *Weariness*,

The

The *Roar* of Winds, and Waves, the *Crush* of Ice,
Now, ceasing, now, renew'd, with louder Rage,
And bellowing round the Main: Nations remote,
Shook from their Midnight-Slumbers, deem they hear
Portentous Thunder in the gelid Sky.

More to embroil the Deep, *Leviathan*,
And his unweildy Train, in horrid Sport,
Tempest the loosen'd Brine ; while, thro' the Gloom,
Far, from the dire, unhospitable Shore,
At once, is heard th' united, hungry, Howl,
Of all the fell Society of Night.

Yet, *Providence*, that ever-waking *Eye*,
Looks down, with Pity, on the fruitless Toil
Of Mortals, lost to Hope, and *lights* them safe,
Thro' all this dreary Labyrinth of Fate.

'Tis done!--Dread WINTER has subdu'd the Year,
And reigns, tremendous, o'er the desert Plains!
How dead the Vegetable Kingdom lies!
How dumb the Tuneful! *Horror*, wide extends
His solitary Empire— Now, fond *Man*!
Behold thy pictur'd Life: Pass some few Years,
Thy flowering *Spring*, thy short-liv'd *Summer's*
[Strength,
Thy sober *Autumn*, fading into Age,
And pale, concluding *Winter* shuts thy Scene,
And shrouds *Thee* in the Grave-- Where now, are fled
Those Dreams of Greatness? those unsolid Hopes
Of Happiness? those Longings after Fame?
Those restless Cares? those busy, bustling Days?
Those Nights of secret Guilt? those veering Thoughts,
Fluttering 'twixt Good, and Ill, that shar'd thy Life?
All, now, are vanish'd! *Vertue*, sole, survives,
Immortal,

Immortal, Mankind's never-failing Friend,
His Guide to Happiness on high—— and see!
'Tis come, the Glorious *Morn*! the second Birth
Of Heaven, and Earth! — awakening *Nature* hears
Th' Almighty Trumpet's Voice, and starts to Life,
Renew'd, unfading. Now, th' Eternal *Scheme*,
That Dark Perplexity, that Mystic Maze,
Which Sight cou'd never trace, nor Heart conceive,
To *Reason's* Eye, refin'd, clears up apace.
Angels, and Men, astonish'd, pause —— and dread
To travel thro' the Depths of Providence,
Untry'd, unbounded. Ye vain *Learned*! see,
And, prostrate in the Dust, adore that *Power*,
And *Goodness*, oft arraign'd. See now the Cause,
Why conscious *Worth*, oppress'd, in secret, long,
Mourn'd, unregarded: Why the *Good Man's* Share

In

In Life, was Gall, and Bitterness of Soul:
 Why the lone *Widow*, and her *Orphans*, pin'd,
 In starving Solitude; while *Luxury*,
 In Palaces, lay prompting her low Thought
 To form unreal Wants: Why Heaven-born *Faith*,
 And *Charity*, prime Grace! wore the red Marks
 Of *Persecution's* Scourge: Why licens'd *Pain*,
 That cruel *Spoiler*, that embosom'd *Foe*,
 Imbitter'd all our Blifs. Ye Good *Distrest*!
 Ye Noble *Few*! that here, unbending, stand
 Beneath Life's Pressures — yet a little while,
 And all your Woes are past. *Time* swiftly fleets,
 And with'd *Eternity*, approaching, brings
 Life undecaying, Love without Allay,
 Pure-flowing Joy, and Happiness sincere.



THE END.